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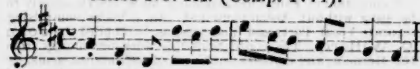
Translated for this Journal.

Mozart's Masses.

From the *Deutsche Musik-Zeitung* (Vienna)

(Continued from page 208).

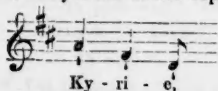
MASS No. III. (Comp. 1774).



For only four voice-parts, two violins and organ. The Prague edition contains the addition of two horns *ad libitum*.)

For the sake of showing by analysis in at least one number of this Mass, how much these little unpretending creations of Mozart have in them of an art, which sometimes rather hides itself than presses itself upon attention, we will consider this *Kyrie* somewhat more closely.

It is a little remarkable, that it counts only 40 measures, and yet the *motive* repeats itself at



least ten times; indeed more than twenty times, reckoning the analogous, syncopated figure of the second violin, as well as the simple imitation in



the first violin. Any other person would have fallen into the dreariest monotony; Mozart by his art steered clear of the rock and, by the frequent repetition of a happily chosen motive, which sounds like an exhortation, brought in a collateral effect, which is poetical and in perfect keeping with the text: continual calls of God, a prolonged cry of distress on the part of humanity, which goes up to Him from all sides and all conditions.

The first 5 measures form the exposition of the theme, which is once more presented at the close. From the 6th bar the intellectual play begins. The voice parts alternately imitate one another, and at different heights, now more apart, now close upon each other in a condensed manner. The violins too imitate one another mutually or in combination with the vocal quartet, either simply, or in syncopation, or inversion.—Thus for example, in the 6th measure, the soprano answers the tenor and the alto the bass, both with another figure; at the same time the second violin imitates the tenor, but with syncopation, and the first violin the soprano, but with inversion, and so on with perpetual change of combinations.

And yet all this art were only half art, did it not serve as means to higher ends, to lend the fittest musical expression to the church text—to clothe a beautiful supersensual idea with a body appreciable to the human ear.

The third division of the *Credo* forms an interesting offset to this *Kyrie*. After Mozart has started a *fughetta* in the "*Resurrexit*," he glides imperceptibly into the original theme of the *Credo*; thence into a solo, and from this back

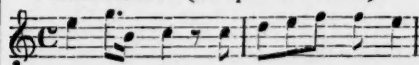
into the theme, interrupting it again presently by the *fughetta*, and interrupting this again by the theme, which he at last closes altogether unexpectedly in the same manner as the "*Descendit*;" and all this so unconstrainedly, without disturbing the flow of the discourse at all! Here too is art, but not such as serves as the bearer of a higher idea.

The *Agnus* of this Mass is thrillingly effective. Amid soft beats of the violin accompaniment one voice enters solemnly after another, to make public confession of guilt; all these single voices unite at the close in a startling chorus, a general prayer of self-accusation and repentance. "You have no conception what I feel, when I write down: *Agnus Dei, miserere*," exclaimed Mozart on a certain occasion, already mentioned; and this *Agnus* shows what he felt.

The *Dona nobis*, which now follows, as if anticipating the peace for which it prays, bears throughout the stamp of unaffected, child-like cheerfulness; but by the artful distribution of the melody among the single voices, and by the blending of them into a tasteful whole, it betrays the youthful master hand. A total overturning of the theme and a transition from minor to major, as unexpected as it is striking, are points particularly noteworthy.

Nevertheless it cannot be denied that Mozart in this *Dona*, with its lively ornament and its pronounced Rondo form, has already made a marked step towards that secular field, which at a later time, as we shall see, he trod more frequently and more decidedly.

MASS No. IV. (Comp. 1774? 1775?).



This, like its three predecessors, is wrought with contrapuntal strictness in the first numbers, and hence offers difficulties in the execution to the singers; this is especially true of the solos in the very beautifully wrought *Gloria* and *Credo*, which last includes in itself a short but masterly *Crucifixus*.

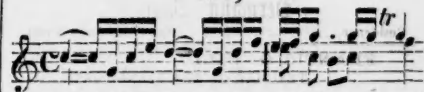
A strongly marked violin figure in the *Hosanna* has been the subject of some ridicule; it borders to be sure, like many another passage in this here and there strikingly old-fashioned style of Mass, upon the tasteless; but this is mitigated, if we consider it, not by itself alone, but in connection with the voice parts as an integral part of the working up.

Here again we remark a true-hearted, pious *Benedictus*, and an *Agnus* full of deep feeling.—The Masses of this period, while in the strict style of their first numbers they border sometimes upon pedantry, unfold for the most part in the *Benedictus* and the *Agnus*, where the text affords a chance, a true charm of the loveliest grace and deepest feeling. Just so the purest and chastest, if not the most beautiful and artistic, of Raphael's Madonnas fall within that youthful period, when he still walks in the foot-prints of his severer master, Perugino.

In the *Dona*, where Mozart, reproducing the very pregnant theme of the *Kyrie*, associates with it a second theme of uncommon vivacity, we already have the germ of that later manner of conception, in which the *Dona pacem* no longer corresponds with the gentle cheerfulness of the text, but closes the church office in a stirring, pompous manner.

b. *Missæ Solennes.*

MASS No. V. (1773. In honorem St. Trinitatis.)



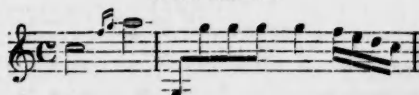
According to the date of composition it should be inserted before Mass No. II. That is only one year later, and yet what a difference between the two! While there, in spite of the severe form, every number bears already the Mozartean stamp; here, with the exception of the *Agnus*, he has avoided every striking trait of his own genial individuality so anxiously, that this Mass, moving altogether in well-worn grooves, might, if we did not know the author, be just as well attributed to one of the better contrapuntists of the time.

That even on this side the youthful work no longer appears like mere school labor, and that Mozart, so far as musical technics are concerned, stood already in his 17th year upon a height, which others have scarcely reached in their mature manhood, is certainly no small praise; and in this point of view it might be of interest to connoisseurs to examine this work in detail, especially the two fugues in the *Credo* and the *Dona*.

The "*Cujus regni non erit finis*," preceding the first fugue, and moving in incessant quavers and semiquavers, borders, even if you take a slow tempo, by the necessarily soulless babble of the voice parts, on the burlesque. The same is the case with the violin accompaniment in the *Benedictus*, which impresses upon this number the character of a periwig style pushed almost to caricature. Did Mozart wish perhaps to parody an older composer at the court of the archbishop? The young artist lacked neither the wit nor the will for such fine persiflage. When the archbishop gravely remarked to him: "The *basso* Fischer seems to have almost too deep a bass voice for a *basso*," he consoled him with the still graver answer: "That will come right gradually; next time he will sing higher."

It is singular indeed, and scarcely to be explained except by a secret purpose, that precisely this insipid, pretty *Benedictus* is followed by an *Agnus* in the noblest style, one which, by its broad, majestic plan and dignity of feeling, belongs with the finest he has written.

MASS No. VI.



This little known Mass the present writer has

seen only once, and hastily, in the score. It seems to have much analogy with the preceding one and, like it, to have more of the traditional pattern than of the characteristic style of its author about it; which explains its smaller circulation. It was performed at the Mozart centennial anniversary in Salzburg.

(To be continued.)

The Cadenza.

BY E. T. A. HOFFMANN.

Continued from page 212

At last their departure approached; and then only did I become aware, how much I was attached to Lauretta; and felt it was impossible to separate from her. Often, when she had been very *smorfiosa*, she caressed me, although very innocently; but I was in a flame, and nothing but the distant behavior which she knew how to put on then, prevented me from declaring my passion. I had a tolerable tenor voice, which, although never before practised, I now quickly developed. We used to sing those sweet Italian *Duetts*, which are innumerable in Italy.

We were singing one just before their departure—"Senza di te, ben mio, vivere non posso." Who could bear that! I fell at Lauretta's feet: I was in despair! She raised me, saying, "but my friend, why must we separate?" I was surprised, and anxiously waited to hear what she would add. She proposed for me to accompany her and Teresina to the capital; for, she said, if I intended to devote myself altogether to the art, I could not stay in this little town. Imagine to yourself a man falling into the darkest fathomless abyss, despairing of life; but finding himself, in the very moment that he thinks he shall be crushed to death, in a beautiful open arbor of rosebushes, and a thousand bright sunbeams playing around him, assuring him that he is still in the full enjoyment of life. Thus I felt now. I must go with them to the metropolis, that was decided.

I had hard work to convince my uncle that I must go to the metropolis, which was not very far off. At last he yielded, and promised even to accompany me thither. This was altogether against my calculations, for I dared not tell him that I meant to go with the Italians. I was saved his company, by a violent catarrh, which befell him just in time. So I departed alone in the diligence; but went only to the next stage, where I waited for my divinity. A well filled purse allowed me to prepare every thing needful. I meant, like a protecting knight in romance, to accompany the ladies on horseback; and for that purpose procured a charger, on which I went to meet them. My beast was not very good-looking, but, as his owner assured me, very quiet and patient.

The little chaise soon came in sight. The sisters sat on the back seat: on the opposite one was their waiting woman, the little thick *Gianna*, a dark Neapolitan; and the rest of the carriage was filled with a number of cases, handboxes and baskets, the indispensable companions of traveling ladies. Two little pug-dogs barked at me, from *Gianna's* lap, when I joyfully saluted them.

We got along very well, and were already on the last route, when my horse very awkwardly took it into his head to return home. I was conscious of the risk of applying coercive measures, and used my best means of persuasion; but the obstinate beast would not listen to my coaxing; and all I gained was, that he went round in a circle, instead of going back altogether. Teresina leaned out of the chaise, laughing; while Lauretta, covering her face with both hands, shrieked as though my life was in danger. With the courage of despair, I gave my horse both spurs; but was at the same moment, not very softly, prostrated on the earth. The animal stood quietly by me, looking at me with outstretched neck, as in derision. I was unable to rise, and had to be assisted by the coachman. Lauretta jumped out of the carriage crying, while Teresina

laughed outright. I had sprained my foot, and could not mount again. What was to be done? The horse was tied to the carriage, into which I had to creep. Imagine two pretty stout ladies, a plump servant, two pugdogs, a dozen cases, handboxes and baskets, and me into the bargain, all in one chaise, calculated for two persons. Imagine Lauretta crying for want of room, the dogs howling, the Neapolitan prattling, Teresina cross, and my foot dreadfully aching; and you will have a fair idea, how pleasant my situation was. Teresina could not stand it any longer. She ordered the carriage to stop; bounced out of it; and, untying the horse, mounted him, sitting sideways on the saddle, and trotted and pranced along in advance of the chaise. She looked splendidly. The dignity and grace, which was her own in her carriage and posture, showed to still better advantage on horseback.—She took the guitar, and hanging the bridle over her arm, proudly sang several Spanish romances, accompanying herself with full chords. Her light silk dress waved in the air, playing in gaily changing colors in its folds, and the white feathers in her bonnet streamed and nodded, like spirits of the air dancing to the tones. The whole apparition was highly romantic, and I could not withdraw my eye from Teresina, although Lauretta called her a fantastic fool, that would have to suffer for her temerity. But all went right: the horse had lost all his obstinacy, or liked the singer better than the knight: in short, Teresina dismounted only just before the gates of the capital, and joined us in the chaise.

Behold me now luxuriating in concerts and operas, of every variety of music: behold me, a zealous *correpetitor*, at the Grand Piano, rehearsing airs, duettos, and heaven knows what else. You see me an altered being: a new spirit has come over me. All the embarrassment of the villager is thrown aside; as *Maestro*, I sit at the grand Piano, the score before me, conducting the Scenes of my *Donna*. My whole soul, all my thoughts are sweet melody. Setting aside all my studies and skill in counterpoint, I compose numberless canzonettas and airs, which Lauretta sings, although she does so only in her rooms. Why does she never sing any thing of mine in the concerts? I cannot divine! But Teresina sometimes stands before me, high on the proud palfrey, with the lyra in her hands, as Art herself in bold romance; and involuntarily some high and serious song rises to my fancy! True, Lauretta plays with the tones, like a sportive queen of the fairies. Whatever she undertakes, succeeds. Teresina does not attempt a single roudade: a simple ornament, at best a *mordente*, is all she essays; but then her long-drawn tone shines through the dark night-shades; and then strange spirits waken and look with solemn eyes deep into my heart. I cannot conceive how I could have overlooked her all this time.

At last the benefit concert granted to the sisters arrived. Lauretta sang with me a long scena by Anfossi. I was sitting at the grand Piano as usual: we came to the last Cadenza: Lauretta summoned all her powers: her nightingale tones warbled up and down: notes were sustained, succeeded by gay, dazzling roulades,—an entire *solfeggio*! Indeed, the thing appeared to me to be overdone, and too long continued. I felt a soft breath: Teresina stood behind my chair. At this moment, Lauretta prepared for a long, swelling harmonica shake, with which she intended to fall back into the "*a tempo*." But Satan tempted me: down went both my hands, striking the chord: the Orchestra followed; and Lauretta's shake was spoiled, at the moment when she meant to elicit one burst of admiration from the whole audience. Lauretta, piercing me with furious looks, wrapped her part together, and throwing it at my head with such violence that the sheets flew in every direction, ran through the orchestra into the dressing room. As soon as the *Tutti* was ended, I followed her. She wept and scolded:—"Out of my sight, villain," she cried,—"devil, you have maliciously robbed me of all,—glory, honor,—alas! of my *trillo*. Out of my sight, wretch!" She rushed towards me, and I escaped through the door.—

The chapel-master and Teresina succeeded with difficulty, during an instrumental concerto that followed, in so far appeasing the enraged *Donna*, that she consented to appear again; but I was not allowed to take my seat at the grand piano. In the last Duetto, which the sisters sang together, Lauretta actually succeeded in bringing out her swelling harmonica shake, to her heart's content: she was excessively applauded; and was thus restored to good humor. I could not, however, forget the treatment which I had received in the presence of so many persons, and resolved to return the next morning to my native place.

I was busy packing my trunk, when Teresina entered my room. On seeing what I was doing, she exclaimed, "why! are you going to leave us?" I declared that after having suffered such a public insult from Lauretta, I could remain no longer in her company. "So that foolish girl's mad behavior, which she is already sorry for, drives you away from us, said Teresina; "but can you find any better way of pursuing your art, than with us? And besides, it depends only on yourself, by your own conduct to prevent Lauretta from behaving again as she did. You are too indulgent, too mild, too gentle. You rate Lauretta's art altogether too high. She has a pretty voice, of great compass, it is true; but all these strange warbling flourishes these innumerable runs, these eternal shakes,—what else are they but dazzling tricks, which are admired as the breakneck leaps of the rope dancer are admired? Can they, however, touch us deeply, and affect the heart? That harmonica shake which you spoiled, is, beyond all her other arts, disagreeable to me: it makes me feel as if in anguish. And then this climbing up into the region of the three leger lines! Why, is it not an overstraining of the natural voice, which alone is truly touching? Give me the middle and lower tones! A tone penetrating to the heart, a true *portamento di voce*: that is what I want! No unnecessary embellishment! a tone firmly and strongly sustained; a distinct expression, touching soul and mind; that is true singing, and thus I sing. If you are tired of Lauretta, think of Teresina; who likes you so much, because, from your very nature and mind, you are destined to be my *Maestro* and *Compositore*. Do not take it amiss; but all your well turned canzonettas and airs are not worth a farthing, compared to this one!" and Teresina sang, in her full, sonorous voice, a simple choral-like canzonet, which I had composed a few days before. I had no idea that it could sound so well. The tones penetrated, with wonderful power, into my heart: the tears stood in my eyes: in the ecstasy of my feelings, I took Teresina's hand, and pressed it to my lips; I vowed that I would never separate from her.

(To be continued.)

"Paganini's Ghost."

It happened a few years ago that I was sent to Brussels to follow the classes of the *Conservatoire de Musique*—that academy where M. Fétis presides as *Maestro Assoluto*, teaching fugue and counterpoint as a duty, and writing musical biographies and criticisms in his leisure moments—where De Beriot endeavored to impart to aspirants the art of singing on the violin, and the *tour de force* called "Il tremolo"—where Servais taught violoncello logarithms, rattling them off himself to his astonished listeners with a savageness which often made them fancy he owed a grudge to the poor instrument in his grasp—and where Mad. Pleyel presided at the piano, *ennuyée* at teaching only the young feminine idea "how to shoot."

I was neither under De Beriot nor Servais. I was a beginner, and being put through my gamuts by a M. Cornillon, honorary professor to the junior violin class. It would be useless for me to attempt describing how badly, or how much out of tune, I played: I could not do it. Suffice to say, I was thoroughly hated in my *quartier* and got turned out of several lodgings whose proprietors had too much of an ear for music.

I was known in the whole street as *crins crins*, and scouted by the neighbors with the nickname of "*Racleur de boyaux*," terms equivalent in English to "Scrapegut." Now I come to think of it, I must have exercised great influence over the sanitary precautions taken by my neighbors, for, during the most oppressive dog-days even, I had only to open my window and execute any melody (however charming) to cause immediately every window in the street to close with a bang. Nevertheless, I had one friend in my last street; she would sit for hours on the balcony opposite, her beautiful hazel eyes intently fixed on me, her sweet voice accompanying my morning performances, entering into the spirit of minor scales with enthusiasm, rejoicing and going into ecstasies whenever a new E string caused a gamut to modulate, without any preparation whatsoever, with a key half a tone lower. She was a beautiful "poodle" by the name of Fanny (pronounced *Fannee*), possessing a rich *mezzo soprano* voice and a beautiful curly coat. We two used to have glorious concerts! Alas! our rapturous harmonies excited the envy and misrepresentations of a few dyspeptic neighbors, who, finding out that the owners of the poodle paid no taxes for her, discovered the whole affair to the police, and Fanny, like "poor dog Tray," was about to be despatched to the Elysian Fields, when I interceded for her, paid the fine and the tax, and the poor owners, out of gratitude, gave me Fanny, providing I would be good to her.

And so I made friends with the people opposite. They were the first to encourage my infantile, tottering steps, leaving their windows now and then open of an evening (when I practised recreative pieces only); and occasionally they would approve of my versions of "*Rendez-moi ma patrie*" and "*Ah vous dirai-je maman*." I lived in an oddly-built house in the Béguinage; it was erected in 1400 and something; was loopholed, grated and rickety. The doors inside and outside were immense, as if they had been made to facilitate the ingress and egress of Howell and his double bass. The inside had been decorated at a time when oak and other wood must have been very cheap. Everything was made of wood—oaken staircase, with a hideous leopard standing on his hind legs, supporting a shield which formed the knob of the banister. No paper on the walls—all wood wainscoting; and I often reflected that some of the pine wood panellings would have been excellent seasoned stuff for sounding boards. I even thought of advising Broadwood, who no doubt would have purchased the whole lot immediately.

With the changes of the weather, or during high winds, this wooden furnishment would crack horribly! and the iron gratings outside the windows would rattle in their stone sockets, making a noise like demons rattling their fetters. The windows were like those you see in churches, all little diamond-shaped lozenges, fastened in leaden framework. Everything was old in that house: the proprietor was old, his wife was old, the servant was old, and the bread was always old. In fact, it was just the sort of place a ghost would select as a favorite lounge. I forgot to say that of course my fiddle was old—at least so Vuillaume said!

In my room, I had over the old mantelpiece an old print of Paganini, which I had pasted up alongside of an old picture of the Madonna; and I often surprised myself, whilst paying my devotions to the latter, clasping my hands imploringly to the former. One cold night in January (it was the 13th: I shall never forget it) I sat down before my music-desk, tired of standing. The page before me was virgin to me: it was the first of Kreutzer's exercises, beginning *c, e, g, f, e, f, d, e*. I had been hours trying to violate it, but to no purpose. Fanny was as quiet as a mouse, for I had clearly intimated to her, by sundry kicks, that she could not join in until I could play the intricacies before me *sciolto*. Slowly, gingerly, out of tune, I tried every note—note by note, bar by bar, *andante*, *moderato*, *allegretto*, *allegro*, and *presto* was sure to be a *gallimaufry*. I could never get my first finger far back enough for F natural. Over and over again for hours,

until my arm ached, my violin thumb benumbed, and my fingers inflamed, my head swimming, and the notes before me as Sanscrit—over and over again, I could never transit from the first string to the second without a hideous scratch. I could not take the third E in the bar with the fourth finger, so that my bow kept hopping about as if I were playing a *saltarello*; and so sure as I got into the second portion, as sure was the music to resemble Wagner's or Berlioz's *sans tête ni queue*. I can't say how long I kept up this fun but I soon discovered that it was time to go to bed, for my candle was all but out: in a few more minutes I should be in utter darkness. I gobbled down a portion of my supper (bread and a pickled herring), and throwing the rest to Fanny, had just one more try at Kreutzer. It was useless—F sharp F sharp, and when I got over that it was B flat in the second bar.

Disheartened, angry, and with tears in my eyes, I gave a deprecating look to Paganini on the wall extinguished my light, and threw myself on the bed. Cold as it was, I was in a violent perspiration. The wind was blowing in fitful ruffianly blasts, as if it had a mission that night to frighten people out of the hiccoughs. Bang! it came, and immediately subsided into a low whistle in consecutive fifths. Ten or twenty bars' rest. Bang! bang! again, and off up to the weathercock on the top of the church, and giving him a twitch o' the nose to the east, making him squeal



out of tune, regardless of key, time, or anything else; then shifting, and coming back again, hitting him to the west, making him screech



After a few gusts more violent than the rest, my door flew open, and a tall, thin, lanky gentleman noiselessly stalked in!

He was dressed in rusty black, and his clothes were made by contract, I should think; he must have bargained with his tailor that the less they fitted, the more he would pay for them. The collar of his coat was worn on the left side quite shiny. The inside of his left wristband was threadbare; about the middle of his waist, was a spot worn as polished as a looking-glass, as also under the right elbow. His sallow face looked as if it were made of yellow parchment, and make up into a tolerably good imitation of a skull—but an animated skull, for there were in it two eyes that would have scorched up mountains of snow. Eyes that spoke poems! Universe! Infinity! Chaos! Rhapsodomaney! . . . one look at him convinced me I had nothing but a skeleton before me, and I could not make out where I had seen this personage before. Well, in walked this tall, serious, suffering-looking figure. My violin, which was standing upright on the mantelpiece, instantly left its place, and flew to his hands. In its transit I distinctly heard the first string rise from E flat to E natural, and the fourth descend from G half sharp to G natural of themselves. He quietly put the violin under his left arm, and proceeded to look about the apartment. He first observed the picture of Paganini over the mantelpiece—and as he stood near it, it struck me the picture was somewhat like him. After having examined it for several minutes he gave a slight contemptuous smile, and looking at himself in the looking-glass, passed his hand through his long raven locks with a little look of fatuity, I thought. He next noticed a piece of bread on the floor, and picking it up, put it carefully upon a plate, mumbling something *sotto voce* about *Pane and Dio*. He was looking at my Kreutzer with a naive smile on his face, and playing the first one *pizzicato* with his left hand only, when the church clock of the Béguinage began to strike twelve! . . . He raised the violin to his chin—his whole body became distorted—his

elbow covered that part of his coat which I had noticed so much worn—his left hip appeared as an unsightly excrescence. His long bony fingers curved nervously over the string, and raising his right hand with the bow in it over the violin, at least a foot from it, he brought it down on the string simultaneously with the last stroke of the bell—he struck the same note, so precisely and with such percussion, that the note from the instrument and from the bell sounded as but one. It was D which he took with the third finger on the fourth string, in that very position which always puzzled me so much. The vibrations of the note reached me in about the third of a second—they rarified the atmosphere around me—I gasped for breath, and lay enthralled on my couch as in a fearful nightmare. The note increased to intense sonority. The walls vibrated with it, and threw back echos in thirds, fifths, and octaves. I heard it as the peal of a powerful organ, and it had the same effect on me as the first church music had, which I heard after the death of a dear relative: it made me weep bitterly. Never until now had I imagined what music there was in one note. The room grew luminous with sound. I saw every object about me as if it were standing in brilliant sunshine; the figure before me was transparent as crystal, and rich colors were chasing one another in it, as on opal. The brilliant eyes were closed, and the features were playing in smiling yet painful ecstasy. With a suave legato he glided up to Bb on the same string and intoned an *Adagio religioso*. Was this music learnt in Paradise? was it a prayer this poor spirit was offering? . . . with such pathos, with such agonizing beseechfulness? . . . on my knees I joined in his prayer, and in hysterical sobs repeated some of those words, which caused my heartstrings to tend to snapping. . . . I understood how poor penitents could heap ashes on their head. . . . flagellate their loins with knotted cords, and lick the dust from off the ground. I felt my littleness, my weakness, and all the awful sublimity of the Creator, when such a voice could sing so sublimely to Him. My heart was swelling and nigh bursting in my bosom, my brow was throbbing painfully, and I was about to swoon, when the melody broke forth in a *Maestoso* in the major key, which revived me and gave me hope! . . . arpeggios recalling the minor melody *smorzando*, gracefully, tenderly, soothingly, gently augmenting, growing, rising and with a brilliant *trillo* breaking out with the clic-ti-clack of a *Tarentella*—the first notes half restrained, gradually increasing in speed, until, worked up to frenzy, it burst forth as a savage Bacchanalian dance—wildly reeling, voluptuously writhing

Tempo di Tarentella.
"With the boom & zing of the tambourine
And the clack & clack of the castanette."

and *slentando*, *perdendosi*, suavely into a little pastoral movement breathing cool breezes, refreshing shady bowers and furtive nooks, where *amoroso* some shepherd breathed *con anima* his love tale: so sweetly, despairingly and persuasively, that nought but that soft rapturous velvety voluptuous melody could have followed. . . . And he swept over the strings with amazing rapidity—*trillando*, the four strings in *tutti*, *staccato*, *pizzicato*, *unisoni*, *soave*, *sciolto*, *presto*, *prestissimo*, *furioso* e *con amore sempre*, *tempo di ballo*, *pomposo*, *saltarello*, *smorzando*—delirious, soothing, *trio*, *duo*, flutes, violins, and mandolinas, linnets and nightingales. I heard all this—he plunged me down into the deepest depths of hell, where demons howled fearfully; he wafted me on high in heaven, where angels whispered around me. He made me weep; he made me love; he made me feel tyrannical, charitable, ambitious, drunk, meek, saucy, religious, serio-comic, tragic, melodramatic buffoon. He made me shed tears, he convulsed me with laughter—when—he suddenly stopped and looked at my fiddle, exclaimed, "*Per Bacco! è cattiva! cattiva! cattiva!*" dashed it to the ground, and smashed it to atoms! . . . This was too much of a joke! . . . Fanny, (who strange to say, had remained silent during the whole performance) began bark-

ing furiously, and sprang from the bed, followed by me. The room was pitch dark! . . . I struck a light, and, sure enough, there was my violin on the ground, with the neck off and otherwise damaged! . . . I looked under the bed, in the cupboards and found nobody. The door was locked— . . . I had a delicious dream, I had heard Paganini. The tail-piece of my violin (which was standing on the mantelpiece) had given way; the instrument had fallen to the ground, and caused the fracas which awoke me.

The violin was soon mended, and a few days after, Fanny and myself treated the neighbors to the following *duo*—

FAN. *Con anima.*



Any key, any time, any number of flats and sharps and *ad lib.*

Cherubini.

(Continued from page 214.)

Cherubini owed his appointment as Director of the Conservatory mainly to the reputation he had acquired by his sacred compositions, especially the *Requiem*—for five voices and a full band—written by him for the anniversary of Louis XVI.'s death, and performed for the first time, on the 21st of January, 1816, in the Cathedral of St. Denis. It was not repeated until February, 1820, when it was performed in the same edifice, at the funeral of the Duc de Berri, murdered on the 13th of the same month by the fanatic Louval.* Eight months subsequently, a happier event for the royal family took place, namely, the birth of the Duc de Bordeaux, on the 29th September, 1820. In celebration of the child's christening, which took place on the 1st May, in Notre Dame, the festival opera, *Blanche de Provence, ou la Cour des Fées*, was performed the same evening at the Tuilleries, and, the evening following, at the Grand Opera. The book was written by Théaulon and Rancé, and the music by Berton, Boieldieu, Kreutzer, Paer and Cherubini. It is now all forgotten, except the delightful cradle-song, by Cherubini, for three female voices in the chorus: "Dors, noble enfant," which still holds its place in the repertory of the Paris Conservatory, and has, also, lately been reprinted in Germany.†

The next work composed by Cherubini for an especial purpose was the Mass for the Coronation of Charles X. This work, however, is endowed with such a character of grandeur, that it will evermore remain a lasting monument of art, on account of the greatness and loftiness of its ideas, the depth of its conception, the nobleness of its expression, the richness and magnificence of its harmony and tone, and its brilliant clearness in all that relates to polyphony and harmonics. The coronation took place on the 29th May, 1825, in the Cathedral of Rheims. The composition of the music for the festivities was entrusted to Lesueur and Cherubini, solos being excluded by the agreement. The chorus at the performance consisted of 20 first, and 20 second sopranos; 28 tenors, and 28 basses, making altogether 96 singers; the instrumental portion was represented by 36 violins, 30 violas, violoncellos and double-basses, and 36 wind instruments and percussion instruments—making a total of 102, and a grand total of 198 artists, all of first-rate talent. The king entered the Cathedral to the strains of a majestic march. As the officiating Archbishop handed him the sword, the

* It will be remembered that the dagger of the assassin struck down the Duke on the steps at the grand entrance to the Opera-house, as his Royal Highness was accompanying his wife to her carriage. It is not so well known that the then Archbishop of Paris, M^{onsieur} de Quelen, consented to administer to the dying man, who had been carried into the manager's room, the last consolations of religion, only on condition that the house should be pulled down. The Opera was first removed to the Salle Favart, and then inaugurated on the 19th August, 1821, in the building in the Rue Lepelletier, where it still is, since the works have only just been commenced for the erection of a new Opera-house, on the Boulevard des Capucines, opposite the Rue de la Paix. See *Architectonographie des Théâtres*, par Alexis Donnet et Meimi, continued by Kaufmann.

† By C. F. Peters, Berlin and Leipzig, with pianoforte accompaniment, and a German translation of the words. Price 12 1/4 Nue-Groschen.

anthem "Confortare," by Lesueur, swelled forth, and, during the preparations for the anointing, the anthem, "Gentem Francorum," by the same composer. During the seven different stages of the anointing, there resounded the choruses: "Unxerunt Salomonem," and "Vivat Rex, vivat in æternum." This was followed by the "Coronation March," while, at the moment the crown was placed upon the head of Charles X., the "Vivat Rex" was again heard, accompanied on this occasion by the full organ. At the same moment, and in accordance with ancient custom, a number of doves and other birds were let loose in the cathedral, the doors of the edifice were flung open, the people rushed in, the cavalry and infantry bands, stationed around the Place, struck up, the bells pealed, and the cannon roared. Simultaneously, a short "Te Deum," also by Lesueur, was sung.

This was followed by Cherubini's Mass, in which besides the choruses, the "March at the Communion," one of the most lofty and genial pieces of instrumental music ever written, produced a wonderful impression. Johann Sebastian Bach's Mass in B, Beethoven's *Missa Solennis*, in D major, and Cherubini's *Messe du Sacre*, are the three most brilliant stars in the firmament of sacred music. For the interests of the art, a consideration of the various phases in the development of sacred music from the time of the old Italians, and Netherlanders, down to that of Bach, and from him through Haydn, Mozart, Hummel and his contemporaries to Cherubini and Beethoven, would be a highly useful undertaking. How great an influence was exerted by the spirit, which, sustained by the grand ideas of the time, sprang up in music during the concluding ten years of the last century, and the first thirty of the present, is proved by the two works in question of Beethoven and Cherubini, which were produced, quite independently of each other at the same period, and yet which present so many points of resemblance in the treatment of the text, the lofty character of the musical thoughts, the way in which by means of broadly developed forms, these latter are fashioned into shape, and the employment of all available musical resources for the purpose of carrying out the object in view. The principal portions of Beethoven's Mass were performed for the first time in Vienna, on the 7th May, 1824, while Cherubini's work was executed at Rheims, on the 29th May, 1825; but Beethoven's was not printed till 1827, after Cherubini's. The same thing which had already happened to the two masters in the composition of the operas of *Faniska* and *Fidelio* was now repeated in another branch of the art; on both occasions, however, Cherubini had been the first, by his *Lodoiska*, in the operatic style, and by his *Requiem*, and the Masses in F and D, in the sacred style.

It is from the first few years of Cherubini's appointment as Director of the Conservatory that we must date the foundation of the Société des Concerts, which has preserved, until the present day, the reputation of having introduced to the French public the works, most admirably executed, of the German masters of instrumental music. The real founder of the Society was, as we well know, Habeneck,* who was also its very heart and soul. Cherubini's share in the matter consisted in his having been the person who always advocated the public practice or displays of the pupils who had left the Conservatory, as well as of those who were still there, and, whenever they came to a standstill, always exerted himself to set them going again; furthermore, in his recognition of Habeneck's decided talent as a director, in consequence of which the direction of the concerts in question was entrusted to Habeneck, on the recommendation of Cherubini, Gossec, and Méhul, even

* François Antoine Habeneck was born on the 23rd January 1781, at Metzler, where the regiment to whose band his father, a native of Mannheim, belonged, was then in garrison. He turned out an infant musical prodigy, and gave concerts as a violinist when only in his tenth year. In 1814, he carried off the first prize for violin playing at the Conservatory, and was patronized by the Empress Josephine who made him an annual allowance of 12,000 francs. He soon afterwards entered the orchestra of the Grand Opera, as solo violinist, with Rud. Kreutzer. His talent as a conductor was developed by his conducting the practice of the pupils at the Conservatory from 1806 to 1815. On one of these occasions he caused Beethoven's Symphony in C major to be played for the first time in Paris. Being afterwards appointed director of the Concerts Spirituels, got up by the management of the Grand Opera, he endeavored to have the Second Symphony performed, but, instead of the *Adagio*, which the band unconditionally rejected, he was obliged to interpolate the *Andante (Allegretto)*, of the Seventh Symphony in A, which was encored at the very first performance. From 1821 to 1824, he was director of the Grand Opera, while Kreutzer was conductor. From 1824, he took Kreutzer's position, and was, at the same time, appointed professor of a violin class established expressly for him. The Conservatory Concerts began in the year 1825. On the 31st October, 1846, he retired from the Opera and the instruction of his class. He conducted the Concerts for the last time on the 16th April, 1848. Nine months afterwards he died, on the 8th February, 1849.—*Histoire de la Société des Concerts*, par A. Elwart, Paris, 1860.

under Sarrette; and lastly and chiefly on his supporting, with the whole weight of his own position, Habeneck's plan, and thereby rendering its execution possible.

As the establishment of the Société des Concerts in Paris not only marks an epoch in the history of music in that capital, but is likewise of importance for the propagation and the artistically perfect execution of German music, we have already described its origin at length, in Nos. 20 and 21 of the series of this paper (the *Niederheinische Musik-Zeitung*) for 1860, taking as our authority the *Histoire*, etc., by A. Elwart, quoted in the foot note. All that is now requisite is for us to adduce from the same work, the proofs of Cherubini's energetic co-operation. At page 62, *et seq.*, we read: "When Cherubini was informed of the plan by Habeneck, he agreed to the request that he should obtain the authority of the Minister with a degree of warmth which does honor to his memory." "The Minister, M. de Larochefoucault, assented to Cherubini's proposals," and the decree of the 15th February, 1828, permitting the establishment of the Concerts, commences: "At the request of the Directors of the *École Royale de Musique*, we have resolved, &c., &c.," and Art. 9 charges him with the execution of the decree. The statutes of the Society contain, at the very beginning, the words: "With the agreement of the Director of the School of Music." He was chairman of the administrative and executive committee (p. 98), and it was his order, and strictly according to his directions, that the moveable platform, rising step by step, was built just as it now exists.—Cherubini knew very well that Habeneck's object was the performance of the works of Beethoven. Had he entertained so mean an opinion of the latter as he is reported to have entertained, he certainly would not have promoted and arranged the whole affair with the zeal he did, as, in other things relating to the Conservatory, he adhered to his own opinion with great firmness, or rather stubbornness. Thus, for instance, he prohibited the young ladies of the School of Music from taking part either in the solos or choruses of the smaller concerts (Concerts d'Emulation) given by the young artists, and concerts which Elwart conducted from 1828 to 1834. The fair pupils were only allowed to play publicly the piano and harp, while the band might execute nothing but compositions of the pupils. Despite all the representations of the most celebrated professors, Cherubini adhered immovably to these regulations (Elwart, p. 126).

If we look through the Conservatory concert bills, which are given by Elwart from their beginning down to 1860, we shall nearly always find Beethoven and Cherubini together, the former as representative of instrumental, and the latter of vocal music.

(To be Continued.)

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Curiosities of Criticism.

No. VI.

My dear Journal,

My soul, for several years past, has been pained and at the same time disgusted with the immense amount of sublime nonsense which Wagner's works have called forth from the "critics," especially those in England and France, and the contradictory nature of their contemptible highnesses. Bless my conscience! just let any one look at the history of the man, view that which he has accomplished, and consider his present prominence as a partial Mahommed of the Musical World, then turn to the petty onslaughts upon his genius which are so continually appearing from inappreciative or antagonistic sources, and can he fail to perceive their resemblance to the stings of sand-gnats upon some lord of the field or forest, who, although annoyed thereby, is by no means weakened, but rather proceeds onward from strength to strength until his fame has reached all lands where Art is vernacular.

As Schumann is, and Mendelssohn was, in Symphony, so is Wagner in Opera. I mean by this that all have excited emulation on account of the fascination of their mannerisms; for these they assuredly possess in a marked degree, and in this point consists their greatness and their complete isolation as composers. Should not this fact alone protect them, and especially our subject at least from that insultingly frivolous tone, which characterizes many criticisms we see often from the least reliable authorities regarding intricate and intellectual Opera?

ADAGIO

his own way; we have turn-ed, ev'-ry one to his own way; And the
his own way; we have turn-ed, ev'-ry one to his own way;
his own way; we have turn-ed, ev'-ry one to his own way;
his own way; we have turn-ed, ev'-ry one to his own way; And the Lord hath

Lord hath laid on him, and the Lord hath laid on him, hath laid on

and the Lord hath laid on him, on him,

and the Lord hath laid on him, on him,

laid on him, the Lord hath laid on

Ped.

him, on him..... the in - i - qui - ty of..... us all.
 hath laid on him..... the in - i - qui - ty of us all.
 hath laid on him..... the in - i - qui - ty of..... us all.
 him..... the in - i - qui - ty of..... us all.

No. 27. ALL THEY THAT SEE HIM, LAUGH HIM TO SCORN.

Psalm xxii. v. 7.

RECIT.
TENOR VOICE

LARGHETTO.

 $\text{♩} = 80.$

No. 28. HE TRUSTED IN GOD THAT HE WOULD DELIVER HIM.

CHORUS. ALLEGRO.

Psalm xxii. v. 8.

SOPRANO.

ALTO,
(or 2nd Treble).

TENORE.

BASSO.

ALLEGRO.
♩ = 88.

Full without reeds.

He trust - ed in God that he would de - liv - er him ; let him de - liv - er him if he de -

He trust - ed in God that he would de - liv - er him, let him de - liv - er him,
- light in him, if he de - light in him, let him de - liv - er him, if he de - light in

He trust - ed in God that he would de -
if he de - light in him, if he de - light in him, let him de -
him, if he de - light in him, if he de - light in him,

He liv - er him, let him de - liv - er him; if he de - light in him, liv - er him; if he de - light in him, if he de - light in him, if he de -

Pedals 8

trust - ed in God that he would de - liv - er him, let him de - liv - er him, if he delight in if he de - light in him, light in him, God, in God, in God he trust - ed, let him de - liv - er him, if he delight in him, if he de -

him, let him de - liv - er him, if he de - light . . . in him, him, let him de - liv - er him, if he de - light in him, let him de - liv - er him, if he de - light in him, if he de - light in him, let him de - liv - er him; He trust - ed in

Some of these gentlemen laugh at Wagner, because he undertakes to interpret the poetry of his own works. Did any one ever laugh at Milton for appending notes to his poetry? Why are not the cases analogous? Others growl because he does not follow beaten tracks. I ask if Beethoven was not repudiated by old Father Haydn for his innovating propensities. And was ever any mere copyist, a great man?

Even in like manner one of the New York dailies, some time ago, declared Schumann to be foolish when he "attempted to be a critic," and said that he should have "kept only to composition in order to be successful!" as if any had the same right to be critics that artists and composers themselves possess!

It was Wagner's misfortune to bring disasters upon the London old Philharmonic peculiarly during his one year's direction of the concerts, because he was neither the automaton that Costa is, nor the millionaire that Mendelssohn was. Hence his music could not be tolerated by John Bull, and toady Americans in a great measure had to follow suit for some little time and in some places.

But every amateur knows how hard it was for Meyerbeer, with all the prestige of *Il crociato* memory, and all his money, too (for he is an immensely wealthy man, as was Mendelssohn) to obtain a foothold in that blessed land of fogs and befogged intellects. Is it not also a well known fact that they even yet have not allowed Chopin's and Schubert's transcendent works to awaken their unqualified admiration. How then could their antagonism to Wagner be allowed such weight in the world of Music?

Poor Wagner next fell into the hands of the Gallic Philistines, and led as is a notorious fact by the Jocky fraternity of that Sabbath-keeping (!) city, and that on a Sunday night to begin with! Just imagine the first rehearsal of *Israel in Egypt*, with similar "advantages," my dear Journal, and how much chance would it have for success? Or even Beethoven's *Pastorale* Symphony. Would not the witty Fiorentino have a fine opportunity for cracking jokes over Handel's imitation of frogs jumping in the "And their land brought forth frogs?" And perhaps M. Scudo would not forget to cavil at the "iterated" violin arpeggios in the storm of the *Pastorale*, which make one shiver with cold, and actually feel as if being drenched by the relentless fury of descending torrents.

I get out of all patience with these shallow, narrow-minded writers, whose ideas are confined, contracted to the one current, in which they happened to have been travelling all their lives, and who show so little reverence for hard labor, and a lifetime of earnestness, even if not backed by that genius, which they are so slow to acknowledge.

In the estimation of these gentlemen it is nothing to have written a new opera (of course not, for have not hundreds of addle-pates done it?) It is nothing to have inaugurated an artistic crusade against effete conventionalities and sickly platitudes (of course not, for how many times has not Rossini repeated the following original and heroic, forcible and affirmative cadence or its cousins German?



It is nothing to have set the musical world agog by the efforts of one poor unaided and whilome insignificant pen (Oh, no! for has not Eugene Sue done as much?) It is naught to have one's operas placed in the standard *repertoires* of the great German Theatres, beside those of Gluck, Mozart and Cimerosa, and that during one's lifetime. Oh, of course

not. Can anything command the respect of these critics? Why can they not wait until one makes an actual ass of himself before treating him as if he were an unsuccessful circus-rider, contortionist or stage dancer.

M. Scudo heard *Tannhäuser* "four times." Wondrous depth of study! I should like to know how many weeks he was studying the score! I shall not ask how many he would require to understand it, for the reputation for profound erudition of Jockey Club critics is entirely too well established to admit of a doubt!

I presume if he should hear Bach's St. Ann's Fugue "four times," he could give us a clear and lucid exposition of its frame-work, with subject, response and imitation points, clear down to the stretto. Even so, Jules Janin could give us a commentary upon the decalogue, I suppose, especially that part relating to the seventh commandment, judging from his "eloquent preface" to the charming novel "Fanny."

When the *Tannhäuser* was produced in New York, Mr. Fry sent for the score in order that he might thoroughly understand the composer's ideas before criticizing the work. Show me another such conscientious desire to do a new work justice. Bless me! you might as well send most of these critics a Chinese Bible or a piece of Egyptian mummy-papyrus, for all the aid it would be to their comprehension of the work. And yet, look at the analogy. Suppose a new novel were to be reviewed from a copy printed with a sentence periodically left out throughout the volume or with many a page torn out, just where *dénouements* ought to occur, how could the author be held accountable? And yet the way in which new musical works are oft-times presented to the public, is one in which the poor composer has to suffer from mutilation, almost, if not quite, as badly as our Author would. Wagner was doubtless more fortunate than this at Paris, for his resources in material were all that could be wished for, but then there was no sympathy, in fact there was a league against him, and the musical world need not be told the thousands of little ways in which antagonism to a new work can be shown by artists during its performance when they are almost paid to cause its failure, as was the case in this instance. You need not be told it my dear Journal, and need M. Scudo, and above all M. Berlioz need not, for he ought to know something about a composers difficulties if any one does.

But adieu for the present. Next week I shall cite examples and try not to deal in quite such a wholesale and overwhelmingly crushing manner with poor Wagner as M. Scudo is pleased to do.

TIMOTHY TRILL.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Robert Schumann on Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words."

(Translated by F. M. RAYMOND.)

(SECOND BOOK OF "SONGS WITHOUT WORDS" FOR THE PIANO-FORTE.)

Who has not sat at his piano in the twilight, and, while improvising, sung a quiet melody? If, at such a time, one can perform both melody and accompaniment with the hands alone, provided one is only a Mendelssohn, the finest songs without words will come to life. It were a comparatively easy thing to do, if one composed to a text, and then rubbed the words out and gave the work to the world.—but this would be a kind of deception.

To our Songs! Clear as sunlight they look us in the face. The first comes near, to the one in the first book (and in C major) in purity and beauty of feeling; here is a gush from the mother spring. Florestan says: "He who has sung such a song, may expect a long life, before and after death." The

second song reminds me of Goethe's Hunter's Evening Song:

"Im Felde schleich' ich still und wild,
Gespannt mein Feuerrohr," &c.

Its tender, airy structure is equal to that of the poet. The third is of less importance, and resembles a Catch that should belong to one of Lafontaine's family scenes; but it is true, unadulterated wine, that makes the round of the table, although not of the rarest or strongest. I find the fourth most beautiful; a little sad and self-concentrated, but speaking of hope and home in the distance. In the French edition we find, in every piece, but especially in this, many alterations that do not seem to belong to Mendelssohn. The next is somewhat undecided in character, even in form and rhythm, and leaves an undetermined impression behind. The last, a Venetian barcarole, softly and gently closes the whole. These gifts of a noble spirit will again delight you!

THIRD BOOK. OPUS 38.

We confidently point out this book without many words. Every one knows that a rose bush blooms, and sheds perfume all about it; and if an eye looks happily up to the moon, no one doubts that it exists. These later songs differ but little from the former, and stand, like them, between painting and poetry; colors or words might well express them, did not music speak them more sufficiently.

They are all the children of a rich fancy; but it often happens that the best mother will prefer, knowingly or ignorantly, one of her offspring to the others, and people will observe it. So I fancy, that the second song, and the closing duet, are the poet's favorites; and also the fifth, more passionate, if one may so speak of the noble agitations of a fine heart. The fourth pleases me the least; it speaks of a comfortable but more prosaic nature, rather reposing on soft pillows, than outside under flowers and among the nightingales. It grieves me that our rich German tongue has no words to express anything so utterly unadorned and naive as the "duet"; it is lovers talking together softly, securely, trustingly.

FOURTH BOOK. OPUS 53.

Another book of genuine "Songs without Words." They differ but little from Mendelssohn's earlier collections, save, that they possess greater simplicity, and, in a melodic sense, have a leaning toward the People's Songs. This is especially the case with the song, which the composer himself has entitled "People's Song"; this has sprung from the same source from which Eichendorff has taken his most wonderful poems, and Lessing his "Eifel-landscape." One is never tired of hearing it. The national character that is beginning to show itself in so many compositions of our younger artists, is an encouraging sign of the future; it was openly displayed in Beethoven's later works;—a remark that will sound strangely enough to many. The third song, in G minor, has also a popular tone, but not that of a chorus; it rather resembles a four-part-song. One observes that Mendelssohn, in his songs without words, steps from the simpler song, through the duets, to the four-part-song and chorus. This it is with the genuine, inventive artist; just where one thinks he can go no further, he has undauntedly taken a step forward, and won new ground. Some songs in this fourth book remind us of things in the former collection; certain turns and repetitions that savor of mannerism. Yet this is a reproach that a hundred others would fain purchase at the price of many sacrifices—namely, to be so recognizable by peculiar forms and characteristics, that one can swear to them. And we shall greet many more such books with welcoming pleasure!

MILAN.—M. Gounod's *Faust* will be produced in the course of this season at La Scala.

COLOGNE.—The new Stadt-theater will be opened about the 20th October.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 11, 1862.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of Handel's "Messiah."

Gottschalk in Boston—Then and Now.

Mr. Gottschalk, the great pianist, and great theme of controversy, is again announced in Boston. It is nine years since his first and last appearance here before, when he gave only two concerts, under not perhaps the most favorable circumstances, and with so much less than his accustomed brilliancy of outward success, that it appears to have soured his temper with regard to Boston ever since, and to have put this naughty "Athens" under ban, dooming it to the terrible "punishment" of being passed by on the other side by the indignant artist, while other cities, even the "rural districts" right about us, have been refreshed by the Olympian rain.

During all these nine years the admirers of Gottschalk have talked and written bitterly of the unkind, unappreciative treatment which his talent has received from Boston. And this Journal has been the especial object of such accusations; our unbiased, honest criticism, consisting in the main of praise, while it discriminated between the virtuoso and the composer, and dissented from certain extravagant and indiscriminating claims, by which we sought to show that the young artist's cause was only injured, was pronounced cruel and malicious.

These accusations have been flying in the atmosphere of concert rooms and newspaper musical criticisms very lively all over the land of late. We are repeatedly asked: "Why are you such an enemy of Gottschalk?" We have uniformly disavowed all enmity; but the impression on the part of many seemed inveterate; in vain we said you are mistaken: have you read what we actually wrote? No. Of course no one remembers, or will look back to find what we printed nine years ago. To show, therefore, how much this "enmity" amounts to, we reprint here all we wrote of Gottschalk after his two concerts in 1853, confident that many will be surprised to find these "bitter and violent attacks" made up for the most part of hearty recognition of the pianist's real merits.

[From Dwight's Journal of Music, Oct. 22, 1853.]

The extravagant fame and the peculiar kind of enthusiasm which preceded the arrival of the young New Orleans virtuoso, announced in the bills always as "the great American pianist," had forewarned us what to expect of him. We expected brilliant execution, together with perhaps some little touch of individuality enough to lend a charm to pretty, but by no means deeply interesting or important compositions of his own. Some of the compositions we had heard from other players, and by their triviality were forced to feel that either these belied him, or that it was by sheer professional puffery that he had been so long proclaimed the peer of Liszt and Thalberg and even Chopin; all of whom, particularly the last, have been true tone poets, of decided individuality, which is stamped upon their written works, with which the Gottschalk *Bananiers* and *Dances Ossianiques* bear no more comparison than the slightest magazine verses with the inspired lyrics of the great bards. Yet upon composition, it would seem, he chose to take his stand; for in his programme

of Tuesday evening every piece performed by him was of his own composing; and the newspapers and pamphlet biographies of him, innumerable letters from abroad, and eulogistic critiques in the papers, from New York to New Orleans, harp upon this with a peculiar energy.

Well, at the concert—which, by the way, did not half fill the Boston Music Hall, owing partly, we hope, to distrust of an artist who plays wholly his own compositions—our expectation was confirmed. There was indeed most brilliant execution;—we have heard none more brilliant, but are not yet prepared to say that Jaell's was less so. Gottschalk's touch is the most clear and crisp and beautiful that we have ever known. His play is free and bold and sure and graceful in the extreme; his runs pure and liquid, his figures always clean and perfectly defined; his command of rapid octave passages prodigious; and so we might go through with all the technical points of masterly execution. It was great execution. But what is execution, without some thought and meaning in the combinations to be executed?

Could a more trivial and insulting string of musical rigmorole have been offered to an audience of earnest music-lovers than "American Reminiscences" to begin with! These consisted of a thin and feeble preluding, in which the right hand ran with exquisitely liquid evenness and brightness up and down the highest octaves, over and over, without, any progress of ideas, as if it were mere scale exercise, followed at last by fragmentary and odd *allusions* to "Old folks at Home," and then by that homely tune, (which seems to be a sort of catching, melodic *itch* of the times) fully developed, and then varied in divers difficult and astounding ways. Also "O Susanna" (if we remember rightly) in the same fashion. There was an eruption of silly applause here, and an encore which he answered with—"Yankee Doodle"! We say silly applause; for who, that admired such execution as a power worth having, could but feel melancholy to see the power so thrown away? and who that went there eager to hail and praise a young native artist, could but be mortified to see an artist so little in earnest with his Art. And to find the dilettante public still so ready to extol as Art what properly is little more than sleight of hand!

The most imposing piece of Mr. Gottschalk was called "Jerusalem, a triumphal fantasia," for two pianos, in the great difficulties of which he was ably seconded by Mr. J. Pichowsky, who played at his advantage from a hastily made manuscript copy. In portions of this there was a certain De Meyer-like pomp and breadth of harmony; but the ideas seemed commonplace and the work as a whole left but a heavy and confused impression. There was a certain grace and individuality in the *Savanna* and *Bananiere*, which he styles "Poetic Caprices," though not enough to build the fame of genius on. His "Carnival of Venice" we did not hear.

Skillful, graceful, brilliant, wonderful we own his playing was. But players less wonderful have given us far deeper satisfaction. We have seen a criticism upon that concert in which it was regretted that his music was too fine for common apprehension, "too much addressed to the reasoning faculties," &c. To us the want was that it did not address the reason, that it seemed empty of ideas, of inspiration; that it spoke little to the mind or heart, excited neither meditation nor emotion, but simply dazzled by the display of difficult feats gracefully and easily achieved. But of what use were all these difficulties?—"Difficult! I wish it was impossible," said Dr. Johnson. Why all that rapid tossing of handfull of chords from the middle to the highest octaves, lifting the hand with such conscious appeal to our eyes? To what end all those rapid octave passages? since in the intervals of easy execution, in the seemingly quiet impromptu passages, the music grew so monotonous and commonplace; the same little figure re-

peated and repeated, after listless pauses, in a way which conveyed no meaning, no sense of musical progress, but only the appearance of fastidiously critical scale-practising.

We seriously doubt if Gottschalk's forte is composition. A far less brilliant fortune would have been a far truer friend and teacher to him. They have wronged him, who have assured him that his trivial though graceful fantasies were enough to place him in the rank of finely original piano-forte composers. He must do more and very different from that to earn the title. But in justice to him, we are assured that he does play the compositions of the masters with real understanding and indeed *con amore*, and it promises well for him that in his second programme he announces his determination to play classical music, from Beethoven, Onslow, &c. We shall rejoice to forgive and forget all hitherto, if with his splendid execution, he will evince the soul and fire and judgment also for the interpretation of such works.

[From Dwight's Journal of Music, Oct. 29, 1853.]

Had his first concert been like his second, we should have had a far pleasanter task in writing about it; for the second gave us a better opinion of him as an artist. In the first he was only a virtuoso; and much of the exception which we took to him, was simply the instancing in his case of our profound conviction of the false and superficial tendency of the whole modern virtuoso school in Art.—We could not but judge him by the extravagant claims that come before him, claims of genius, both in playing and in composition, equal to that of Liszt and Chopin. And as his first programme seemed a re-assertion of that claim, as it consisted wholly of his own compositions, it was impossible not to dwell more upon their triviality and heaven-wide distance from Chopin, &c., than upon his transcendent powers of execution, which we admitted to the fullest extent.

In the second concert he played some classic music and played it well,—with clearness, delicacy and feeling,—especially the sonata for four hands, by Onslow, in which he was ably seconded by Mr. Pichowsky. The surpassing beauty of his touch lent a rare beauty to these works. The "Kreutzer Sonata," with Mr. Suck as violinist, we enjoyed; but not more than we have done at the hands of several less remarkable pianists. There might have been more of the Beethoven fire and earnestness in opening the Adagio, if they had first wrought themselves up to the true pitch of fervor by playing the first movement.

Again, on the first night, Mr. Gottschalk appeared to play with a cold nonchalance, like a merely executive virtuoso. This time his very sadness (from the news of his father's death, as well as from wounded self-esteem at missing the enthusiasm here which he had raised in Paris), seemed to re-act in the way of inspiration on his playing; there was a touch of genuine feeling added to his grace of execution.

Again, the few little pieces of his own which he did introduce, had more charm of individuality than those he gave before; and they did not disappoint us, because they did not claim too much. They were quite unpretending, pleasing little fancies; the *ballade*, with which he answered an encore, was even more than that. But who could think for a moment of comparing them with such fine inspirations as any of the little mazurkas or nocturnes of Chopin; the "Invitation" of Weber; the little tone-poems of Henselt, Stephen Heller, &c.; and much more that we might name.

His execution of Liszt's fantasia on *Lucia* was wonderful, and electrified his audience. But was it wise and artist-like to introduce more difficulties into the piece than Liszt had written? We saw the wondrous feats; but with our eyes shut would the music have sounded any better for them?

Reading the above impartially now, at this distance of time, we think it will be difficult to find in it any traces of "enmity," any thing like personal antipathy, or any disposition not to recognize the real merits of the man. What in fact do we find?

1. A protest, such as any serious musician or friend of Art necessarily must make against the extravagant and to himself injurious claims with which he came heralded to us: against the claim of equal respect for such trivial compositions as he played at his first concert, with the respect felt for the tone-poems of Chopin and other fine imaginative masters. Does anybody now pretend to say that the fame of a great original composer can possibly maintain itself upon *Bananiere*s and variations upon "Yankee Doodle"? Were we not right in that?

2. An undisguised disappointment with the character of his programme. If we were expected to accept him either in the character of a significant composer, or of an earnest, high-toned, intellectual interpretative artist, had we not a right on our part (we the public) to expect either that the "original compositions" should be works of far more mark than the aforesaid trifles, or that the works of others chosen for interpretation should be works more worthy of this artist's wonderful executive ability?

3. Untinted praise of his pianism, of his execution, of his mastery of his instrument—"free, bold, sure and graceful in the extreme."

4. Pain at seeing so gifted an artist so much led away from earnest paths, from the true dignity of an Art he had so much power to serve, by the foolish applause of that portion of an audience who only care to have the ear tickled with sweet sounds.

5. Sincere, almost too willing gratification at the better programme and the worthier artistic tone of the second concert.

6. As the underlying basis of the whole criticism, as the *point of view* from which it was all written, a careful keeping apart of the two characters of *artist* in the higher sense and *virtuoso*, as characters not to be confounded, but which were utterly confounded in the claims made by his admirers for the "great artist and pianist." This is a distinction which it is always incumbent upon a critic, upon one who undertakes to point the public toward *truth* in Art, to insist upon with earnestness. Difference of tastes! you may say, prejudice of schools! Well, this would open an interminable discussion, and we forbear; not, however, at all recognizing in this question the principle "*de gustibus non est disputandum*." For it is not merely a question of the natural varieties of individual and accidental tastes. There are *principles* in Art, as well as *tastes*. We do not discuss these now; enough for our present purpose to show, that the worst that can be charged upon what we wrote of Gottschalk was faithful, resolute and frank adherence to our own "school," our own "tastes," our own *principles*, call them "ultra-classical," "pedantic," "transcendental," or what you please. If you, on the other hand, think that music in which the piano, the instrument, plays the chief part, and the thought in the composer's brain the least part, is equally important, equally entitling to the high name of Artist, with the "classical" less popular creations of a Bach, a Beethoven or a Mendelssohn, you have a perfect right to your opinion; but fairness,

kindness to your favorite artist certainly does not require that we should judge him from your point of view.

So much for the past. If Mr. Gottschalk still cherishes a bitter memory of Boston, or a bitter feeling towards our musical public, simply because those two concerts of 1853 were attended with but moderate outward success, and because the "taste of Boston," was not at once interested in his style of thing, like that of Paris, Spain, Havana and the cities South or West of us, he is foolish and stands only in his own lights. A wise man would either speedily forget it all, or turn the lesson to a good account, so that what was so bitter in the month should become all the sweeter in the stomach. Let it pass. Mr. Gottschalk is again among us. He does wisely to give his concerts in a smaller hall (Chickering's), and make them sociable, appreciable saloon performances. There doubtless will be great desire to hear him, and the readiest admiration for all about him that is admirable. We believe and hope that he will have a *sympathetic* audience; and we cannot help anticipating better compositions of his own, better selections from the works of others and a higher artistic tone of the whole concert, than it was our unpleasant duty to record of his first debut here nine years ago.

Music Abroad.

VIENNA.—On the occasion of the recent performance of two symphonies, by M. Hector Berlioz, the *Deutsche Musik-Zeitung* contains the following remarks, which our friend of the *London Musical World* calls "*quasi* impertinent, and wholly sophisticated"—we wish he might be right!

"We remember with tolerable clearness that, at the Berlioz Concerts, on the Wien, of all the compositions performed the overture to '*The Romish Carnival*,' and the '*Harold Symphony*,' displeased, comparatively, the least; while the '*Symphonie Phantastique*,' on account of the events portrayed in it (the *Executioner's March*, the '*Guillotines*,' etc.) excited in us the greatest aversion. Although we do not belong to that school of aesthetics which perceives in music nothing more than 'moving tone-forms,' we are certainly of opinion that all music, supposing it expresses what it desires to express, must first satisfy its own conditions; and that, further, when it descends to the delineation of events, even these should correspond to the sense of the beautiful and ethical requirements. With regard to Berlioz, we must persist in the assertion that his music is, of itself, rarely beautiful (*i. e.*, steeped in pleasing sound, and captivating by the harmony of the various parts, and thus the logic of their development); it is far oftener *unbeautiful* and distorted, or poor in musical invention; that the subjects to which this is allied must produce a feeling of repugnance, especially in every man of a well organized, profound mind, as the impure pictures of a wild and a morbid fancy; and that, when these pictures (as the poet gave them) are not originally open as a whole to this animadversion, Berlioz has elaborated and prepared those portions of them which struck him as best adapted for being drawn within the sphere of his wild fancy, and to prove his 'Genialität in Factur,' as Mendelssohn so happily observed, when speaking of him.

The first movement of the '*Harold Symphony*,' (performed at the Gesellschafts Concert), is perhaps, the most supportable, although it does not contain the slightest sign of aught like genuine thematic invention or symphonically-dramatic development.—Solos for the viol alternate wearisomely with extravagant and orchestral effects, but there is never any serious working out of musically significant ideas, or a clear poetic picture. Although the explanatory programme, written by P. Cornelius, and distributed among the audience, prates about 'most vivid impressions,' and although the whole work is intended to transport us to Italian scenes, we confess that we never saw aught to justify this; we feel more inclined to think of surly Laplanders, and the Italians

ought to thank Berlioz for the way in which he has represented their country. What a different picture, how Italian, how magnificently colored, how fresh, is Mendelssohn's symphony in A major! And then, too, this is Harold as viola! He is one of the most wearisome fellows it is possible to conceive; neither fish nor flesh, neither warm nor cold, neither merry nor sorrowful, neither in love nor unhappy. '*The Pilgrim's March*,' given last year, is cleverly planned, but a musical joke completely overrules and spoils the intention of the whole. We ask whether any production can be entitled 'poetically musical,' when, throughout an entire movement, the composer considers nothing of so much importance as the introduction under all circumstances and in all keys, of C—an eccentric idea, which, from constant repetition, becomes silly. The Quasi-Scherzo: 'Serenade in the Abruzzi' is a joyous composition, and we will not indulge in finding fault with it. That Berlioz should have selected as the foundation of the *finale* an 'Orgy of Brigands,' which in the musical treatment, is a perfect pattern-curd of atrocities, is something else for which the Italians ought to thank him.

With regard to the work in its entirety, the first thing to be done is to strike out the title—'Symphony.' The Symphony has nothing to do with such a heap of exotic stuff, but works by musical means, a fact in which its value principally consists. Were the pictures unfolded in the various movements really and truly emanations of the soul, seen and suitably decked out with tune, we might overlook the fact of the whole not being a symphony; as it is, however, we have neither the one thing nor the other, and are simply delighted, when the last strains died away, and we are once more in the open air. We have not the slightest desire to peruse the work of the great poet (Byron), which inspired (?) the composer to set about his task. How different is the case with Schumann's *Manfred*!

At the last Philharmonic Concert, Berlioz's '*Symphonie Phantastique*—An episode out of the Life of an Artist'—proved too much even for our very liberal public, and was declined rather plainly. All five movements were given; the last, however, according to the objectionable custom given here, being greatly cut and curtailed. It is true that, by this course, the public enjoyed the benefit of being tormented ten minutes less than they otherwise would have been by music, which may be entitled the exact opposite of all that is holy, noble, and beautiful; but it would have been preferable to go right on, and enable all persons still in doubt to enjoy a radical cure. The execution was, in every sense, perfect."

SCHWALBACH.—The members of the Liedertafel lately serenaded M. Meyerbeer by torchlight. To mark his appreciation of this compliment, the world renowned composer has promised to dedicate to them a new choral piece.

HOMBURG.—Vieuxtemps and Alfred Jaell have been playing at concerts to the great satisfaction of the visitors.

MILK. PATTI has been giving, during the week, a series of operatic performances at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, with Signors Gardoni, Delle-Sedie and Ciampi.

MILK. TREBELL, who recently arrived in Paris, has been singing in a concert at Colombes for the benefit of the Association of Dramatic Artists.

SACRED MUSIC IN MAYENCE.—The following notice in the South German *Musik-Zeitung* is translated by the *Musical World* (London):

It is a well known fact that the majority of Roman Catholic Bishops in Germany wish to banish instrumental music from the church. Unfortunately, they have carried out their resolve almost everywhere, so that, with the exception of Vienna, Munich, Dresden, and Salzburg, few large German cities can boast of a regular orchestra for the performance of sacred music, and, consequently, the rich stores of sacred instrumental compositions bequeathed to us by our best masters lie, unplayed, and almost unknown to the rising generation, in the various libraries. Even in Cologne, the ecclesiastical authorities are beginning to close the doors of the cathedral on these *chefs d'œuvre*, while, with regard to our golden Mayence, the golden age of sacred music has long since past, and, instead of hearing, under the roof of our magnificent cathedral, the elevating strains of the grand creations due to Mozart, Haydn, Cherubini, &c., we have to put up with the by no means edifying singing of the seminarists. In spite of all this we have, however, or rather we had, an Association for Sacred Music, but that Association in consideration, probably, of the fact, that, in consequence of the churches being hermetically sealed against it, there was no

field left for the exclusive cultivation of sacred music was, a short time since, rechristened the Cecilia Association (for mixed choral singing). It is but rarely that it has an opportunity of stealing into one of the smaller parish churches and performing an instrumental mass. One of these opportunities of rare occurrence is the birthday of the Emperor of Austria, which is solemnized by high mass in St. Peter's Church. The said opportunity was seized on, this year, by the director of the Cecilia Association, Herr Friedrich Lux, to perform a grand instrumental mass, his first essay in this branch of his art. It is a difficult, if not an impossible, task to produce anything absolutely new of the kind, and we cannot designate the work in question as strikingly original. It struck us, however, that while purposely imitating the dignified clearness which distinguishes the incomparable models left us by the great German masters, the composer has, like Cherubini, profited by the richness of modern instrumentation, and the advantage of dramatic expression. The "Kyrie," treated in a strictly contrapuntal style, produced in the hearer an appropriately serious and devout frame of mind while a feeling of joyful faith and veneration finds vent in the "Gloria" and "Credo." The "Et incarnatus est" is most impressively effective. Especially original and full of tenderness is the "Benedictus," for soprano solo, and chorus of female voices, with organ accompaniment, worthily followed up by the "Agnus Dei," and "Dona nobis." The interest, too, is never weakened by wearisome length.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, OCT. 7.—Bostonians have had, ere this, an opportunity to judge for themselves as to the merits of CARLOTTA PATTI as an operatic singer. Amina, Elvira and Lucia, were the parts she assumed here during the last fortnight—with success, only as regards her vocalization; for the rest, kindness disarms criticism.

Mr. GOTTSCHALK has given a short series of concerts with tolerable success; the first took place on the evening of October 2nd. It is needless to enlarge on his playing, with which all concert goers are familiar; he gave his own compositions, two preludes by Chopin, and Henselt's charming morceau, "*Si oiseau j'étais*." A programme more varied than select, was composed of the pieces played by Mr. Gottschalk himself, a cornet-a-piston solo (Beethoven romance, by the bye!) from Mr. SCHREIBER, a quartet, and a part of a quartet, not too smoothly given by Messrs. Noll, Ryan, Matzka, and Bergner; singing by Mr. J. R. Thomas, and violin playing by Mr. T. Thomas. The latter gentleman was announced as musical director; how? for Mr. Timm played the accompaniment, and, as there was no orchestra, what was left for Mr. Thomas to direct, save the movements of his own bow? Mrs. JENNY KEMPTON sang, and it will please her Boston friends to know that she was very warmly applauded. She will prove an acceptable addition to the stock singers of New York, and can certainly claim a place among the best American contraltos.—Adelaide Philipps, spite of her long residence here, should not come into question, not merely because she is an Englishwoman, but because her voice (voices being as much affected by climate and race, as physiognomies) is essentially English in quality, and her hearty expression, and broad style of phrasing, also English, notwithstanding, and yet perhaps because of her partial education here and with Garcia. Mrs. Kempton's voice is not powerful, or any longer very fresh, but of a pleasing quality; her medium tones are either worn, or incorrectly produced, for she emits more air than sound with them; but she makes an excellent use of the head voice, and her lower tones down to A below the treble clef, are very good. With the exception of the trill, her execution is very finished, and although not an impassioned singer, she has a tasteful sentiment in expression, that is highly agreeable. Mrs. Kempton's appearance is most prepossessing, too; no inconsiderable item in the impression produced by a singer on an audience.

The German opera company continues in successful operation. "Stradella," "The Child of the Regiment," "Der Freischütz," and "Czar and Zimmermann," have been given more than once, during the past fortnight. The chorus and orchestra are really excellent, considering their small number, and the highest praise is due to Mr. ANCHUTZ, as a most efficient leader. Although the company is not what it might be, in purely vocal qualifications, there is far more perfection in the ensemble, more attention to the details of dress, action, grouping, &c., than we are accustomed to find on the more pretentious stage of the Academy; and this, with the enthusiasm of the usually crowded audience, renders the performance of this company most enjoyable. So far, the most interesting representation has been that of "Der Freischütz," that lovely romance of the greenwood, whose fresh melodies, sonorous instrumentation, and dramatic coloring, no repetition can render trite. Had Weber chosen to employ his fluent pen as the propagandist of his own music, he might have said, with far more truth than Mr. Wagner in speaking of *his*, that the melodies of the opera were intended to produce in the hearer "a mood of mind, similar to that awakened in the pedestrian who has just escaped the noise of the town, by the view of a beautiful forest at sunset;" he might even have said with justice, that "this music will have an eternal echo within the hearer." If not what Wagner calls, in rather more vague and declamatory, than truly poetic, language, "the great, the unique melody of the forest," Weber's melodies, and well understood, his harmonies also, are among the most beautiful and truthful pictures of German woodland romance, pathos, and humor, that were ever presented by artist in tone, word, or color.

Frau JOHANNSEN was by no means the ideal Agatha, but she gave a good outline of the part. Frau ROTTER is, in her own parts, the most valuable member of the present company. A pretty person, a tasteful dresser, a charming actress, and as a singer, quite equal to the music she had to execute, she made a delightful Aennchen. Herr QUINT, as Max, looked well, and we are so accustomed to the walking-sticks on the Italian and English stages in the tenor parts, that when we find a singer who, like Quint, acts intelligently and pleasingly, we are agreeably surprised, and apt to overlook his vocal shortcomings; but Herr Quint's cultivation as a vocalist is deficient in much that is needful, and people who cannot judge of what he might do, from what he does not do, scarcely give him credit for the fine voice he really possesses. Herr WEINLICH sang and acted pretty well as Casper, but his "making up" was a little exaggerated. The Wolf's Glen scene was as frightfully funny as usual. Stage machinists might reflect, we think, whether more effect might not be obtained from black and white, from darkness, and phantoms of gauze, than from rockets and cracker spitting devils, blue fire, and owls with smoking heads; tradition, and the little boys, might grumble at first, but singers' throats, at least, would thank them for a diminution of powder in the atmosphere.

Anschütz continues his Sunday concerts, with very good programmes, at the same theatre.

The first rehearsal of the Philharmonic Society will take place on next Saturday afternoon. The price of subscription tickets has been increased to five dollars for all members, which is little enough for so much music of the best kind. No one will complain except the dead-heads, and Young America and Young Germany, who consume as much money weekly in lager-bier, cigars, tobacco, &c., as *nauseum*.

The Brooklyn Philharmonic season is in jeopardy from a resolution of the orchestra to have more pay or no play; and they are quite right; no musician works so hard (for the time) as the orchestral player, and no one receives so little credit for what he does.

ZINCALA.

Special Notices.

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Words and music exceeding sweet and touching.
- O Patrick, darling, would you leave me. Song. C. W. Glover. 25
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All pretty and singable. We will particularize Wrighton's song, as one of great delicacy and sweetness. Hodgson's song and chorus, is of the "Lilly Dale" order, and must prove popular with minstrel bands.

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This song is an answer to "Thy blessing, dearest mother," which has been so well received.

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Brilliant, yet not difficult.
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- Two Sonatas, in C and G, for four hands, opus 22. Anton Diabelli. each, 30
Of superior merit for instructive purposes. They are warmly recommended by Julius Knorr in his "Methodical Guide," which is acknowledged authority in matters of this kind.

Books.

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Vols. bound in cloth. \$3.00

The want of a good collection of four-part songs for men's voices has long been felt, and has been amply supplied in this work. Many of the finest gems that have hitherto remained untranslated and therefore known only to the German societies, are now produced for the benefit of the many quartette clubs that exist in this country, who will be glad to add so many good things to their stock. Care has been taken to give a large variety from grave to gay, and to include nothing that is not really good. It is published in a most convenient form with each part separate, and a score for the use of the leader in rehearsal. The style in which it is published, the excellence of the music, and the low price all combine to render it most worthy of the attention of all amateur quartette clubs.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

